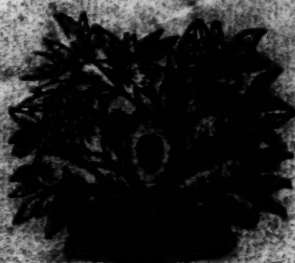


THE
FANATICK
INDULGENCE

Granted, ANNO 1679.

*Si naturis negat facit indignatio versum
Quatenusque potest. Juvenal. Sat. 1.*

By MR. NICHOLAS PATRICKSON



EDINBURGH.

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at the Foot of Green Bridge, 1683.

Ad Illustrissimum Principem

JACOBUM ALBANIE

Et Eboracæ Ducem.

Princeps magne meæ tibi si placere Camænz,
Muneris instar erit, quod placere tibi.

At si displiceant, metuendæ præmia poenæ,
Damnum ingens clavis duplicuisse viris.

Principis est laus summa tamen, dare dona Poëtis,
Vel magis ut placeant, displiceantve minus.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNES

J A M E S

Duke of ALBANIE.



*Reat Sir, this Poem still conceal'd
have I,*

*Till time hath Christn'd it a Pro-
phesy.*

*Indulgence now unmasked, strives
to tryst*

*With John of Leyden against Anti-
christ.*

*This is the Trojan Horse, wherein
there lies*

Catsbie and Vaulx, with new conspiracies.

This the Shaftburian Crocodil his blind

To lure Scot's Rogues to English commons mind;

Nor is this twattling fame, but sure as death,

Witness where Wellh resign'd his latest breath.

This Meteor impregnated the air

With some to usurp the throne, and sacred chair

With a new faith, but not without its works:

Yet such as more becometh Jews and Turks.

But now wee'r fallen in that dismall time,

Wherein to utter truth's an hainous crime.

When squinteyed slander, and hypocrisy,

In triumph bear away the verdant bay.

Protect me then, the galled Brother-hood

Smart censures will reject, tho' wise and good;

Being swell'd with that same furie, which before

*Glutted it self with our dread Sovereigns Gore.
Noll is reviv'd, his Ghost drinks our ill health,
And we must once more try a common wealth,
No more Succession, rather be't our fate
To truckle under illegitimate.
And then in our career, each friend, or foe,
Just as we please, wee'l call, or make him so.
And like an hurrying flood wee'l still increas,
And swell our channel, as we mend our pace.
Wee'l scorn Hobs Leviathan, whilst we play
Our selves i'th Ocean of Stern Tyranny.
Begon Religion, and be buried Law,
Brittain must once more turn Aceldama.
But oft omnipotency lurkes, untill
The Creaturs Pollicy, and prowesses fail;
And GOD will Joseph press, and gall, and wring.
E're he advance him second to the King.
And hath decreed this lot for every man,
To pass the red Sea e're he taste Canaan.
We see the Sovereign, and imperial State
Is not exempted from the common fate,
Nay Heavens impartial, and resistless brow
Frowns oftner on the Scepter then the plough:
When he securely whistles to his teem,
The other fears a tottring diadem.
All my desire, Great Sir, is that I may
Live like an Atome in the radiant Ray
Of your life-giving heat, and glorious light,
Whose crisping spires may make me warm and bright.
Princes or Prophets Guardians, ye know,
Jacobus Rex was, Aris excubo.*

David

David was Poët ; and King James they sing,
 Was King of Poëts , and the Poëts King.
 And this emblazons most a Prince renown,
 When he with Muses Laurel Crowns his Crown.
 Poëts and Prophets both inspir'd of GO'D,
 Were Kings Companions , till our late Bownd rode :
 Where Reason and Religion did invade
 A Frantick passion , and prevailing made
 That giddie furie , that awaits the power
 Of thy more sacred charming Hellebore.
 And be't thy fate, for to suppress this flamm,
 And be true Majestie thy Anagram ;
 Which for thy Anagram may justly passe ,
 As wanting the dull omen of the A. S.
 And spite of envy may thy glory be
 Confin'd to nothing but eternity.

James Stuart
 Anagr.
 True Majestie
 ablato. A. S.

THE FANATICK INDULGENCE,

ANNO 1679.

Juven. Sat. 1.

*Sed si mora longior hortum
Fanatico Indulget non illi deerit amator,
Mittentur braccæ, cultelli, fræna, flagellum,
Agmina sic veteres referent Whigimiria mores.*

Idem Sat. 2.

*Sic, sic, Fanaticus æstro
Percussus Bellona tuo pugnavit, & ingens
Abstulit omen adhuc clari magnique triumphi:
Nam regem cepit: sic de temone Britanno
Excidit Arviragus, sat nota est bellua, cerno
Erectas in terga fudes, ast absit ab illo
Dedecus hoc Claverus ait.*

Sat. 4. ver. 124.

Sic vetus indulget senibus Clementia porcis.

Idem Sat. 6.

*Que stimulat vos
Jam sibi materiam Ducis indulgentia querit,
Spes nulla ulterior.*

Idem Sat. 7.

Iramque animosque a crimine sumunt.



THE
FANATICK
INDULGENCE.

To the KING.

I.



NDULGENCE! thunder-clap!
Medusa's head:

Which makes us all like stones,
dumb, stupified.

And with amazement confidently
vow,

The *British* isle it is grown *Africk*
now.

Its *Crete*, its *Crete*, this Island,
and at length

Indulgence tells us what's the Labyrinth;

Not in one Town, but all the Nation o're

Ten thousand sold to feed the Minotaur.

And which would make an heart of flint to bleed,

No hope appears of *Ariadne's* threed.

Wee are in Monsters fertil; after this

Impossible? incredible what is?

What

The Fanatick Indulgence

What is't that the *Fanatick* asks so great . .
 Transcends his hopes , or can his wish defeat ?
 When wee thy Loyal Subjects looked for
 Some Halcyonian dayes , *the Tempests Roar* :
 And to our eyes on every rising wave ,
 Death sits in Triumph , and presents a grave ,
 And in the mid' st of our dispaire , and fears ,
 Tears drowns our sighs , and sighs dries up our tears.
 Wee are like *Job's* these ninteen years perplex't ,
 Betwixt distractions , and destructions vex't .
 And that (*dread Sir*) thò not so strange , as true ,
 By Scabbs , and Devils now Indulg'd by you .

2.

Indulgence ! Mercy LORD ! from whence ? to whom ?
 From CHARLES ; Nay : to ripp his mothers womb
 As *Nero* did , I'll nee'r belive't ; like this
Ovid hath no such *Metamorphosis* .

CHARLES both merciful and wise , to Act
 The much deplored *Athamas* mistake ,
 To murder his own Children , and to spare
 The loathsome vermin the *whole body rare .
 To set three Kingdoms all again in flamm ,
 And throw poor *Meleager* in the same ,
 To please some mad *Alibea* : Acts like those ,
 May frett thy friends , not satisfie thy foes .
 To lay the title , *Faith's Defender* , down ,
 The richest Jewel of thy radiant Crown .
 Strike Loyalty , Law , and Religion dumb ,
 To please a fullsome , nastie , hairbrained scum ,
 A furious spawn of fiends , by whom alone
 The devil doth blush to see himself outdone .

* *Sanctum* .

I mean

The Fanatick Indulgence.

3

I mean their Master leaders, the rest all sees
Hes no more brains, then fillie butter-flies;
And yet can act such bloody monstrous crimes,
Not writ in Registers of former times.
Rebellion, murder, sacriledg, a fault
Complext, not to be purg'd with fire, nor salt!
These to indulge, is Scepter to resign,
And let the bramble *King* it o'r the vine.
O boundless mercy! Heaven and Hell here lyes,
In strange (how?) reconcil'd *antipathies*.
Base unrelenting fate could thou not spare
Good *Major Weir* till now to have got a share.
Unhappy *Mitchel* had thou liv'd so long,
Thou had escaped in this damned throng,
And had been sentenc'd at the Council Table,
The innocentest traitour of the Rabble.

*The Bishops
murder.*

III.

Indulgence in the Hebrew *Hamal* is,
Yet *Hamilton* swears this is none of his
Projecting, or procuring, or desire;
His grace would never kindle such a fire.
The other great, and mighty *DUKE*, he vows
It came from Hell for any thing he knowes.
The Legat, men suspected most, he sayes,
He acted but as stickes in puppet playes;
He acted being acted, this was all
His influence on its original.
Avant then snake unto these dismall deeps,
Where every thing but damned sorrow sleeps,

B

In

The Fanaticke Indulgence.

IIII.

Indulgence is CAIENS mark, or such another;
 No man may kill him that hath kill'd his Brother,
 And herein *Cain* was Scot: the DUKE like GOD,
 Who sent the Traitor to the Land of *Nod*;
 And yet confin'd him home to this his Nation;
 A Land of fugitives and trepidation,
 A Land wherein disgrace, and loud tounge'd shame,
 Hath split the Trumpet of our former Fame,
 Either for Armes or Artes. Your *Huskoes* yield,
 Ye Sons of *Mars* its cowards gains the field,
 These only now the Acts of grace commands,
 Because no Widow curst their swords, nor hands.
 An Apple cleft in two is not more twin,
 Then their Religion and their fights have been;
 Whose chiefest properties lyes in their voice,
 Like shearing of a fow, no wool but noise:
 For when with Covenants they brag the stars,
 Unto their heels they do commend ther wars.
 Just as the forced air below, doth fall
 In noise and loathsome stink, and there is all.
 They are no witches, tho their exercise
 Are parallels, murders and Tragedies.
 They'r alwayes grumbling, cruel, furious,
 Ill looking, spireful, and malicious,
 Blood-thirsty Tigers, never pleas'd but when
 They swill like Leeches in the blood of men.
 Their Baptism they renounce, or do as much;
 They need no Devils each of them is such:
 For being baptized to the Trinitie,
 They dare sit mute to the doxologie.
 They dare not sing, what they dare say, like those

Despise

The Fanatick Indulgence.

Despise in verse what they commend in prose.
They to their souls in conscientious care
Preferr their babling to our Saviours prayer.
And take their grounds of fighting from the word,
Because our Saviour said put up thy sword.
Just like that wylie Jesuits misttake,
That of Saint *Peter* did salt *Peter* make.
They say a Bishops office is for a Turk,
Because Saint *Paul* did call it a good work.
It brings damnation for to resist,
Saint *Paul* did say, they say its the cause of Christ.
Strange Estredd consciences that quick devours
Great Camel-truths, fir'd with gnat-Metaphors.
Be subject all for conscience sake; these Heroes
Can swallow that, and fight at *curse ye Meroz.*
But as of faith, and manhood, they are outted,
Their learning too it mightily is doubted;
Their Logick's out of date, for they do know
No Syllogisme, but in *Fervo.*
And when their courage with their powder's spent,
Indulgence closeth all in *Celarent.*
They'r puddle-richmers too, they dare we see
Discharge their bombast at our Poësie.
And its reported that they largely share
In glistring Guinies, for their Paltrie ware.
The famine in *Samaria* we see
Makes slimie fordid doves dung sell so hie, ^{2 Kings 6.}
They gave (in ghueft accompt) when wanting bread, ^{25.}
Near ten pound Sterling for an Asses head.
(Had all our whiggs been there, from rear to van,
They had happ't headless every mortal man)

Muse burn thy bayes, gold and the laurell now
 Is onely given to the thick brained crew:
 Empiricks let alone, your market fall's,
 The Revenues of Close-stools and Urinals.
 We need no potions to our paunch, nor purse;
 Traitours indulg'd, will *gratis* murder us.
 Close up the *Muses* Courts, the Colleges,
 A living *vatican*, each Fanatick is.
Baronius and *Bellarmin*-ingroft,
 Their first two syllables in his brains have lost.
 Our Musickes all in discords: acts of grace
 Hath highest trebl's joyn'd with lowest base.
 We croak like Ravens, and we screech like Rats,
 And for one SHARP we have ten thousand flats.
 Our notes so dissonant will nee'r agree
 In Church, nor State, to make an Harmonie.
 Our Kirk's a new *Benjotral*, which we call;
 Nor *Presbiterian*, nor *Episcopal*.
 All tend to the old *chaos*, our very Laws
 Are all ingulphed in the good old cause.
 No wonder, Traitours make *monopoly*
 Of the embalmed Name of honesty;
 And will admit no honest man but him,
 Dare call a Bishop Antichristian liam:
 No honest man if not of their opinion,
 Altho he were almighties dearest minion.
 Saint Paul himself they scorn to call him Saint,
 Because he never took their Covenant.
 Yea from fool-hatred of the Organs they
 Made poor bagpipes sing dumb, and out of play.

Indulgences ar *Popish* things, then why
Should they be fancied by such *Saints* as they?
Since their foundation fails them; for its known
That neither *Saints*, nor merits they can own.
And too, for which I verily am sorie,
They are not yet come to their *Purgatorie*.
Besides *Indulgences* they have no place,
If men be not into the state of *grace*,
And they the very name of *grace* think-vile,
Because it somtimes is a *Bishops* stile.
But now the case is stated amongst all,
Treason indulg'd makes all sins venial.
May not the *Papist* say what need of *Rome*
For *Pardons* now, since *CHARLES* is *Pope* at home.
Had *Luthers* minde run parallel with his,
No strife had been about *Indulgences*.
Martin had still been *Monk*, nor had he yet
In genial sheet protested with his *Kate*.
But yet to *Pardon* those, by *Pardons* worse,
Is *Heavens* dire vengeance, and *Earths* heavy curse.
Saw ye an *Ape*, that a *purgation* took,
Before these news so did our *Whigmores* look.
Now like a *Passenger* that scapt a grave
In the sweld womb of an impostum'd wave;
They knock the *Starrs* with their advanced head,
As *Phaeton* when he the reins did guid.
With that same success too, the world they'l fire,
By guiding ill, what they did ill desire.
For they repent not what they late have done,
Vowing the second part of that same tune.

*Vid. Bell.
de Indulg:
Lib. i. c. 13.*

Clearing both throats and pypes; its not in vain,
A well payed spring bought to be played again.
If ancient Sages *saw* with you have credite,
To spare a vice, it is the way to spread it.
Tame mercie is the breast that suckls vice,
Till hydra like her heads she multiplies.
In sparing thieves and murderers, all see,
A privat favour's *publicque* injurie.
Should pitie spare, and let the gangren spread,
Until the bodies wholly putrified?
What Surgeon would do this, but he that's mad?
He's cruel to the good who spares the bad.
Cause feed them fatt, and give them flesh and wine,
Bring in a water pipe to wash the Swine.
Cause light the Western lamp, which when it died,
Was ay with fire and sacrifice supplied.
Give them a power rebellions trump to blow,
In that same breath forbid them to do so.
Give them all Kirkes, reward them for their flight,
Encourage them to such another fight.
When all is done, let the whole world view,
They only hold Kirk Government of you.
O Power (il'e not blaspheme) beyond divine,
To make meer contradictions so combine;
Things so discordant meekly to agree,
The Presbiterians and Monarchie.
The Covenant, and the alledgeance oath,
Bear-chaff and butter, makes a choaking broath.
No longer then, this Prophecie is hid,
The Leopard must lie down with the kid.
Then wheel about, and as at first ye were,

Lightfoot
Temple.
Service.c.9.

The

The Fanatick Indulgence.

The Court commands the haughtie Presbiter.
Auspicious peace clapps her triumphant wings,
Betwixt the Presbiterians Cause and Kings.
That *valiant beel* runs from it self at last,
That lately ran from *Bothwel-bridge* so fast.
Yet who should challenge those the King will cocker
* Stray, stay, & then take up that ewe and yoak her.
A companie of bloody mutineers,
Who alwayes set both Church and State by th'eares.
The Planets, if we trust the Astrologer,
At their wretcht birth were all irregular;
A tribe that would that learned Greek compel
To bring *Metempsychosis* too from hell. *Pythagoras.*
Changing like weather Cocks, still at the flight
Like *Metra* daughter to the hungrie wight.
Still skittish finding fault with that, with this,
Making the Bible *Metamorphosis*.
The *Hieroglyphicks* of all ill; no less
Then the perfection of all wickedness.
For if uncleanness, lyes, and murders be
The Devils markes, they're Devils more then he.
Sleep *Pluto*, sleep, thou has no more to do,
Wher's one of those ther's hell and Legion too.
All coxcomb, motly clowns, yet could invent
A way to Heaven called Kirk Government.
Where *Major Wier*, who galls their memories,
Is now call'd *Maximus*, and bears the keyes.
They'r *Dan* and *Bethels* Calfs, yet whom before
Ladies not on their face prostrate adore.
These she-Fanaticks worst of Papists be

* This was fulfill'd in *Cameron*, and his companie the Spawn of the *Indulgence*.

The Fanatick Indulgence.

If creature worship be worst Poperie.
 Yet since *Sharp's* slain, Justice may fall asleep,
 And her revengful sword in scabbard keep,
 And it may be *Astrea's* gainful trade,
 To use her ballance now, more then her blade.
 Or since correction makes the rabble worse,
 Its gallantrie to let them take their course.
 So *Lybian* Lyons in ther high wrought rage
 With Bulls and Panthers only will engage.
 While the dull snail, and painted butterflie
 Glides through the Air, or craw'ls securely by.
 We fear not then the *Caledonian* Boar,
 As the *Tangier* his wanscot faced Moor.
 For such Indulgence, were he nee'r so wild,
 Would make a Tyger, or a Panther mild.
 How many have severe proceedings ended?
 Whom such indulgence might perhaps amended.
If Jove dart thunder still when men revolt
He quickly would not leave himself a bolt.

*Si quies
 peccant ho-
 mines, &c.*

VI.

Indulgence, if an Act of Pollicie,
 Its deep as hell, or as the heavens it's hie.
 To gather altogether in a train,
 And *Jehu* and *Baals* Priests to Act again.
 Or else it's like to *JESUS* who did call
 From Heaven, and pardoned a slaughtering *Saul*.
Amen, good LORD; but let us never see,
 Our King accurst for letting *Syria* free.
 Me thinks, I saw our trembling Kirk for life,
 Panting like *Isaack* underneath the knife;

And

The Fanatick Indulgence.

11

And heard Heavens cry, CHARLES withdraw that blow,
Let not these rammes caught in the thickets go.
But since its done, Heavens pardon all offence
In pities, or in Policies pretence;
Yet we thought Policy should taught you rather,
To Indulge them as they indulg'd your Father:
Or, as he did, we fear, too late yee'l see,
There are extreame of gracious Clemencie.
Since none may say what doest thou, I take leave,
Indulgeo seldom hes the *accusative*.

Mollis illa educatio quam indulgentiam vocamus, nervos omnes, & mentis, & corporis frangit. Quintilianus.

Nimia principum clementiorum lenitas, innumera mala, Cædes, Latrocinia, in ipsorum ditionibus gignit, adeo principum Indulgentia, quam inclementia publice nocentior est. Machiavellus de Principe, cap. 17.

O Cruel, and wicked Indulgence, that is now found guilty of the death, not only of the Priests & People, but of Religion! Unjust mercy can never end in less then blood; and it were well, if only the body should have cause to complain of that kind cruelty. *Halls-works first vol. lib. 11. pag. 967.*

In Mr. Ninian Paterson his Book of Epigrams, Lib. 3. Epi. 4. The Ghost of King Charles the First, is brought in, thus speaking,

Non scelus ingrati populi, non palma rebellis,

Me non ira poli, noxa, luesve soli;

Non vis facta dolis, non dæmonis æstus, & æstus,

Sed mea me pietas perdidit, atque fides.

Esto tibi clemens, populo (me teste) rebelli

Impius es princeps, qui cupis esse pius.

The Fanatick Indulgence.

Englified abius.

Nor crimes, nor succoſs of the rebell crue,
 Nor yet Heaven vengeance, nor earths curſe me ſlew,
 Valor nor wiles, Hells craft, nor rage annoy'd,
 Me my *Indulgence*, and my faith deſtroy'd.
 Art thou a pious Prince, learn this of me,
 Kindneſs to rebels is impietie.

*A welcome to his Royal Highneſs JAMES Duke of
 Albanie, to the Kingdom of Scotland.*

NOV. 24. 1679.

NOW, now, I know what made the *Eolian* flave
 Stern Northern *Boreas* lately ſo outbrave
 Our hoſts of miſts and clouds, and ſweep the ſky
 With his ſwell'd cheeks; to bruſh a canopy
 For Juſtice Princely *Steward*; that none may know
 Tempeſts above, or murmurs here below.

*At the ar-
 rival of his
 R. Highneſs
 it blew
 hard.*

Welcome Great Sir, welcome as was the light
 To *Chaos* after an eternal night:
 For in this diſtance from our *CHARLES* his wayn,
 Only lights elder Brother here did reign.
 We were ſo dark, and in ſo great a thrall,
Egypt might well boaſt our Original.
 And *Leſſy* make leſſ-ly, who ſayes we came
 From *Scota Pharoahs* Daughter; whence our name.
 And make *Buchanans* Gholt for to recall
 Both our *Jus Regni*, and Original.

Shine then upon our poor *Cimmerian* clime,
 Make this our firſt of moneths, of years, of time;
 All annals eternize this happy day,

The Fanatick Indulgence.

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Let it be *Rubrick* and an *Epochee*
To all succeeding generations: *Since*
THE BLEST ARRIVAL of that Noble *Prince*.
Let old men blesse their fates, that made them last
Till now, and young men, that they made such haste:
For all dayes untill this, had lost their Names
In golden number, since our late *King JAMES*.
Heavens grant our *Scotland* once more the renown, The dutches
To bring him furth shall wear the *British* Crown. was reported with
And since it's thought good fortune *Lacqueys* names, Child.
Let him be *REX Pacificus*, A *JAMES*.
That so this Isle the worlds *Epitomee*
(*Neptuns* inclosure) once more Gods may be.

Yee'r welcome then *Great Sir*, to put a date
To the tempestuous tumults of our state,
Whose boiling billows to that hight did rise,
Like *Gyants*, to wage warr against the skies.
Ambitious is that raging foaming main
Once more to exalt itself o're *CHARLES* his wain.
But all in vain, Heavens will all storms defeat,
Where *CHARLES* is Pilot, & *Great JAMES* his mate,
Be our physician, all our fears appease,
Calm Church distractions, and cure states disease,
And crush them (*Sir*) for they are your worst friends,
Who turns their publick power to private ends.
Ambitious *Phaetons* may they have place,
Will gladly sacrifice their Countries peace.

Ye will see Royal sparkes amongst our smoak,
Wee'l be your *Ivi*, if yee'l be our oak;
And faithfully we promise for our parts,
Tho we cannot give Crowns, we will give hearts.

Let *English* be more fortunate throughout;
 Bate us that ace, we *Scots* are still as stout.
 Nor power, nor honour is confin'd to place;
 The *Trojans* ruins rais'd the *Roman* race.
 Nay we have some who fame and honour breath,
 Dare gaze undaunt'd on the face of death;
 Who to the whispers of a palefac't fear,
 Or dreadfull danger, never lent an ear.
 Whole purchases altho not great, yet good,
 Were bought with sweat, and sealed with their blood.
 All which in camp, or court, by night, or day,
 If you command, are ready to obey.
 May't only please your Highness quash these fears,
 We have conceiv'd from dalted *Whiggmares*.
 And yet what e're these villains did presume,
 Their flamm at last did only prove a fume.
 So may health, honour, saluic, still attend
 Your Royal Highness to an happy end.
 And still like *Cesar's* may intrancing bliss
 Crown your desires, or else permit you this
 And be it registrate in after time,
 Your presence, was our happiness,

Ad Illustrissimum Principem JACOBUM

ALBANIE & Episcopi Ducem,

*DUX duci ubique DEO, per te tua Scotia sumit
 Fratrumque vires barbara, quosq; opes*



